



"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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MILITARY MEMOIRS.

The Sequela of the Grand Siege of Corinth.

JOINING GEN. BUELL.

The Foot Race with Bragg for the Ohio River.

SAVING LOUISVILLE.

The Fatal Affray between Davis and Nelson.

BY ERENET MAJ.-GEN. WM. P. CARLIN, COLONEL 4TH U. S. INF. (CONFEDERATE).

VI.

It was at Gen. Pope's headquarters, about the 28th of May, 1862, that I first met Gen. U. S. Grant. He was then a slender, straight, bright-eyed and young-looking man. I was much more pleased with his appearance and his manner than I had expected to be. There had been much talk in the army and the newspapers about his alleged intemperance. He did not look like a drinking man. His mind seemed so alert and active to belong to a man addicted to that indulgence. He talked freely and with perfect frankness. At that time he was nominally second in command, but it was generally understood that he had no command at all, and that being designated in orders as second in command was a delicate way of relieving him altogether from command.

I held some conversation with Gen. Grant, in which he said he didn't want much cavalry in any army he commanded, nor much artillery. This remark was suggested by the news that had just been received by Gen. Pope that a skirmish between Sheridan's 2d Mich. Cav. and a rebel force had just occurred, and that one or more

CAVALRYMEN HAD BEEN KILLED, which, at that early day, was considered a very remarkable occurrence. Perhaps it was due to the fact that Sheridan was Colonel of the 2d Mich. Cav. Somebody, generally, was killed whenever he commanded.

"Well, General," said I to Gen. Grant, "what would you have, as you don't want much cavalry or artillery?" "Fighting men—infantry," was his pithy reply. I believe he added, "plenty of them;" but I am not so positive on this last point. But I noticed that Gen. Grant on that occasion expressed the principle on which he acted throughout his entire military career,—which was that he did not believe much in strategy, and that the war would only be brought to a close by overpowering the enemy; that seeking the most direct route to the enemy, and striking him with superior force until the weaker party was overpowered, was the only policy or

STRATEGY THAT HE BELIEVED IN.

These may not be the exact words, but they express the spirit of his utterances. He certainly succeeded by following this rule for three long years. I was glad I met Gen. Grant on this occasion, because I had heard officers and men of his old regiment speak so often of him, and heard so many criticisms upon his condition and conduct at Shiloh, that I was able to judge for myself of the man, and that judgment was very favorable. I can say this very freely, for he never held in power or command did ought to place me under the least obligation to him, and I certainly do not write from any sense of personal gratitude.

Jolly Gordon Granger was also at Pope's headquarters on this occasion. Gordon was always an interesting person to meet. He had no reverence for rank or position. He came out bluntly with whatever he wished to say, and he didn't hesitate to tell of his own gallant deeds as well as other people's. In September, 1861, I had met Granger at St. Louis, and was congratulating him on the distinction he had acquired at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., where the great Lyon was killed. I mentioned the many complimentary remarks in regard to his conduct in Gen. S. D. Sturgis's report of the battle of Wilson's Creek. With the gleam of a boy with a new pair of boots, and a chuckle, he replied: "Of course I was praised in that report, for

I WROTE IT MYSELF."

Returning from Booneville to Farmington again, Pope's army, after resting awhile, was sent off in detachments in different directions in pursuit of reported rebel forces. Under Gen. C. S. Hamilton, of Wisconsin, a force to which Davis's Division belonged made a march in the direction of Holly Springs, and went as far as Ripley, but no enemy was found. A sort of paralysis seemed to fall upon the commander of the army after the evacuation of Corinth. After returning from Ripley Davis's Division was marched to Kienzi and remained in camp for some time there. It was soon after this that Gen. Halleck was called to Washington as General-in-Chief,—that is, a military adviser to the President and Secretary of War. Buell was ordered back into Tennessee, and required to repair the Memphis & Charleston Railroad as he went along. Gen. George H. Thomas went away with Buell's army. Gen. Grant was assigned to a command embracing Western Tennessee, and Rosecrans had command at Corinth and in that vicinity, including Iuka, the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, etc. After staying some weeks at Kienzi, Davis's Division was removed to Iuka, where we went into camp. This place had been a summer resort for Southerners before the war. There were remains of summer hotels, bowling alleys, and

MINERAL SPRINGS.

Some of my men who investigated these springs declared that they had found in the mud beneath the chalybeate spring a quan-

tity of rusty nails, horse shoes, and other old iron. It was perhaps as good a way as any other to produce a chalybeate spring, if people don't learn the secret. This move to Iuka was preparatory to a march to Middle Tennessee to re-enforce Buell; for by this time it began to be manifest to Halleck and Buell that the rebel army was moving to Chattanooga with the view of invading Middle Tennessee, or, as it turned out, Kentucky. Gen. Jeff C. Davis had gone home on leave of absence in consequence of sickness, and Brig.-Gen. Robert B. Mitchell had succeeded him in command of the division. Mitchell was an amiable and gallant gentleman. He had been very severely wounded at Wilson's Creek in Missouri, and had reported for duty again. I liked Mitchell very much, and we always worked harmoniously.

The order of Gen. Halleck referred to above requiring Buell to repair the Memphis & Charleston Railroad as he moved eastward toward Chattanooga was a very unfortunate one, and was the subject of correspondence between the two, Buell pointing out to Halleck the self-evident facts that the delay in his movement caused by this labor was very injurious to the cause, and that, even if completed, it would be nearly impossible to protect the road so as to make it a reliable line of supply for his army. It was Gen. Halleck's idea that Buell's army could be supplied by this railroad from Memphis, Tenn., or Florence, Ala., instead of using the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and the Nashville & Chattanooga, which lay altogether in rear of Buell's army, and which could be protected with a comparatively small force. Finally, Bragg's movements towards Chattanooga from Tupelo, Miss., compelled the abandonment of the work on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad before it was completed. Buell, however, did not move, or was not permitted under his orders to move, fast enough to reach Chattanooga before Bragg. And along in August he found that Bragg was crossing the Tennessee at Chattanooga and in its vicinity, with the view of moving into Middle Tennessee near Nashville, or into Kentucky. This was a problem which was not solved by Buell, or by Thomas, who was posted at McMinnville, till Bragg himself reached the Cumberland, east of Nashville, and thus his plans became apparent to all—he was

STRIKING FOR KENTUCKY.

Buell had called for re-enforcements, and Gen. R. B. Mitchell's Division was selected to move into Middle Tennessee and join Buell. I wish to say here that at the camp at Kienzi the 15th Wis., Col. Hans C. Heg commanding, and the 3d Wis. Battery, Capt. Pinney commanding, the 2d Minn. Battery, Capt. W. H. Hotchkiss, also belonged to my brigade. To this latter battery was attached First Lieut. Dawley and Second Lieut. Albert Woodbury, of Anoka, Minn. Lieut. Col. David McKee, of the 15th Wis., was one of the very few native Americans in that regiment, which was called "The Scandinavian Regiment." The officers and men, from Colonel to the last private, with the exceptions named or indicated, were Norwegians or Swedes, and nearly all possessed those characteristics of people peculiar to Scandinavians, viz., blonde hair, blue eyes, fair skin and rosy cheeks. They were robust, faithful to duty, obedient, and always trustworthy in battle. They always seemed more Americanized in character, conduct, disposition and language than any other class of foreigners. I will not anticipate events by narrating now the fidelity and courage they displayed in the bloody battles that followed, in which so many of their officers and men displayed their fidelity to their adopted country and acquired for themselves lasting honor.

We set out from Iuka in August and crossed the Tennessee River at Eastport. Gen. Rosecrans accompanied the division to that point with his staff. Marching via Florence, Ala., Pulaski, Tenn., we passed through that beautiful region of country along Duck River in which the Polk family lived. In all America I have never seen any rural district so attractive and charming as this. The Polk and Pillow places were specially remarkable for the handsome residences, the beautiful parks surrounding them, and the signs of culture and wealth that belonged to the owners. But what struck all officers and men alike as remarkable was the fact that no trace of an army having recently passed over the same road could be seen. Yet Buell's army had only a short time before marched over that road, and left no mark behind. The fences were still there, the houses still occupied, the trees still standing, the crops still growing. Buell maintained a creditable state of discipline in his army at all times, for which he should have received credit from all honest people. The wanton destruction of property not absolutely needed for army use tends greatly to demoralize the men, needlessly expiates the owner without in the least tending to subdue his hostile spirit, and diminishes the wealth of the country at large. It always seemed to me that the useless destruction of private property in the South was an injury to the loyal people as well as to the disloyal, for it reduced the taxable property of the whole people. Yet this very virtue of Buell as a commander was used to prejudice the authorities at Washington and the loyal people of the Northwestern States against him, and, topped not a little in the end to cause his downfall.

Having passed Columbia and Duck River, we continued on the Nashville turnpike through Spring Hill to Franklin, where we fell in with a part of Buell's army. Col. Granville Mealy, a noted Methodist preacher, was in command at that point.

MANY A FIGHT

and march occurred on this same road between Columbia and Franklin before the war was over. At Franklin we turned to the southward and marched to Murfreesboro, arriving there about the 1st of September, 1862. Buell's army was then falling back from Bridgeport and other points along

the Tennessee towards Nashville. But at Murfreesboro, Tenn., about the 1st of September, 1862, the division to which my brigade belonged became incorporated in Buell's army, then called the Army of the Ohio. Little did I dream that right there where I first joined that army I should at a future day, not more than four months later, witness and participate in one of the most bloody, obstinate and destructive battles ever fought on earth between two contending armies. But so it proved to be.

At that time, early September, the weather was hot, the limestone turnpike dusty, water scarce away from streams, and marching was fatiguing. The army seemed to be much huddled together. Marching on parallel roads did not seem to be practiced in that army as it was afterwards with Sherman's armies; but in that particular locality the turnpike was the only first-class road. But the troops suffered considerably from that point all the way back to Louisville, Ky., in consequence of having to march all on the same road. It was understood by the army generally and known positively to Buell that Bragg was moving into Kentucky on his right flank, but till we had gone far north of Nashville, or northeastward rather, we did not approach so near Bragg as to render a conflict possible. This junction with Buell's army was gratifying in some respects. It enabled me to meet old acquaintances—Gens. McCook, J. M. Palmer, R. W. Johnson, Col. Hazen, and many others whom I had known before. I also met Gen. Buell himself, and his distinguished Chief of Staff, Col. James B. Fry, whom I had known from boyhood. I had often heard John M. Palmer pleading a case in the court-house at Carrollton, Ill., long before I ever expected to see myself or him engaged in a great civil war and in command of United States troops.

Andrew Johnson was at that time Military Governor of Tennessee. Buell was preparing to cut loose from Nashville and strike out for Kentucky, in order to head off Bragg or to fight him. This was a question that concerned Gov. Johnson very deeply. It was rumored that he was very bitter against Buell for taking the greater part of his army out of the State and leaving him cooped up in Nashville. But Buell did not talk to outsiders about his affairs, and all we could know was what leaked out through his staff or through Gov. Johnson, who was by no means a reticent or forbearing man. I have no doubt Buell left as large a force at Nashville as it was safe for him to leave.

Well, we commenced our march to Louisville from Nashville, and I must say that all the many thousands of miles of hard marching that I have done with troops, that from Nashville, Tenn., to Louisville, Ky., in Sept., 1862, with Buell's army, was the hardest. The road was so crowded with troops, artillery, supply trains and ambulances that troops would frequently be compelled to halt for hours in order to let the road be cleared. Sometimes we had to march at night. Sometimes we had to leave the turnpike and march on the railroad. The road was very dusty, water scarce, and the worry caused by halts made everybody nervous and somewhat ill-natured. Shortly before reaching Murfreesboro, we met the paroled command of Col. Dunn (I believe that was his name), who had surrendered to Bragg only that morning. These were the

FIRST FEDERAL PRISONERS

my command had ever seen, and it was rather a dispiriting sight. When we approached Green River, it was understood that Bragg's army was drawn up in line of battle awaiting Buell, and as a challenge to him to fight. Buell's army was halted, and, impatient as I then was, I thought the halt unreasonably long. Presuming on old acquaintance with Col. Fry, I asked him why Gen. Buell didn't fight Bragg right there. Having absolute confidence in my brigade and their ability to drive any equal force before them, I longed to give them a chance, and believed this our opportunity. The rebels were between us and our homes, and I thought our men would fight all the better from knowing this fact. Col. Fry told me that Buell did not wish to fight there, or anywhere, till he had reached Louisville and received re-enforcements of new troops that were assembling there; that on receiving this accession to his numbers he would move south in pursuit of Bragg and attack him. Remaining at that point near Green River till Bragg had moved out of his way, Buell resumed the march to Louisville. At a point about 20 miles above Murfreesboro, the name of which I do not remember, unless it was Hodgenville, Bragg turned eastward towards Bardonia, and left the Louisville and Nashville turnpike free to Buell. It was along about Murfreesboro and Glasgow that some of the soldiers told a ridiculous story, but not too ridiculous for some of them to believe, that while Bragg and Buell were marching on parallel roads, only six miles apart, they were in the habit of VISITING EACH OTHER AT NIGHT,

while their respective armies were in camp, and of sleeping in the same tent. It is strange that such stories could in any way be started or believed; but at that particular time there were men in high civil position and perhaps some in the army who could believe them. It was about the 1st of October or latter part of September that we arrived at Louisville and went into camp on the outskirts of the city. As soon as possible the new troops were assigned to brigades, and the army was reorganized. To my command was assigned the 101st Ohio Col. Leander Stem, of Tiffin, O., commanding. This regiment was composed of fine young men, nearly, if not all, being natives of Ohio. Lieut.-Col. Wooster and Maj. I. M. Kirby were the other field officers. None of the officers or men, so far as I can remember, had ever seen service before, but they lacked only experience to make them efficient soldiers. The officers and, so far as I could judge, the enlisted men, were of good families and excellent citizens. They commenced their actual service under my command. At Louisville we found Gen. Jeff C. Davis, who, in a day or two afterwards, be-

came involved in a most unfortunate affair, that must have left a heavy weight on his mind for the remainder of his life. It was rumored in my camp one day that Davis had shot and killed Gen. William Nelson, then, or just before, his commanding officer. Details soon commenced to come, but they differed in essential respects. One account was about as follows: Gen. Nelson, after the defeat of his command at Richmond, Ky., by the Confederate General E. Kirby Smith, had been assigned to the command of all the troops at Louisville, and was entrusted with the defense of the city. Bragg's approach had alarmed the citizens, and the Union men of the place had been called upon to organize into Home Guards for the protection of the city. Gen. Davis, returning from leave of absence, had reported to Gen. Nelson at Louisville for duty, and was assigned by the latter to the command of the Home Guards. At that time there were no arms that could be supplied to these citizens, and Nelson ordered Davis to ascertain the number of muskets that would be required for that purpose. After Davis had ascertained, to the best of his ability, the approximate number of men in the force under his command, he went to Nelson's headquarters and reported that he would require "about" so many muskets. The want of definiteness and exactness in the word "about" seemed to enrage Nelson. He told Davis that it was disgraceful in an officer of his experience not to be able to state exactly the number of guns he required, and directed him again to ascertain the precise number, and threatened to march him to the guard-house in charge of a file of men if he didn't attend to this duty without delay. Davis, who was a proud and spirited man, shook his finger before Gen. Nelson's eyes, and in a threatening tone exclaimed: "Don't you do it, Gen. Nelson; don't you do it."

I believe Nelson then ordered Davis to proceed to Cincinnati and report to Gen. H. G. Wright, commander of the Department of the Ohio. At all events, Davis visited Gen. Wright at Cincinnati, but returned when Buell reached Louisville. It is probable that Davis or his friends communicated to Gov. Morton of Indiana, the difficulty between himself and Nelson, as Morton was present at the Galt House when Nelson was shot by Davis, and seemed to be acting in behalf of Davis.

It was pretty certain that Davis had prepared himself for a re-encounter and its fatal results before it occurred. Nelson was in the corridor of the hotel, engaged in conversation with one or two gentlemen, and on the point of ascending the stairs to the dining-room, when Davis approached him and demanded an apology for the insult given him in Nelson's office. Nelson, with some insulting speech,

SLAPPED DAVIS'S CHEEK

with the right hand, and then with the left. Davis hastily stepped back a few yards, where a friend of his was standing with a revolver in his possession. The revolver was given to Davis, who cocked it, advanced rapidly to within two or three yards of Nelson, when he warned the latter to defend himself, and at the same moment fired at him, the ball striking him in the breast. Nelson fell, exclaiming, "The ——— has shot me." This is the story as it was told to me by one or more of Davis's friends. I give it as I remember it, and do not vouch for the perfect truth of the statement in all details or the perfect accuracy of my recollection. It is more probable that some incidents have been omitted than that any have been added to the true history of the unfortunate affair. Gen. Davis was never brought to trial for the homicide, either by the military or the civil authorities, though an indictment was found against him by the grand jury of Jefferson Co., Ky. Much feeling was aroused by the killing of Nelson among the Kentucky troops, who regarded him justly with pride, and as their best and greatest representative in the Union army. He was a man of great power over men; active, aggressive and intelligent. He had the reputation of being overbearing and rough in his treatment towards subordinates, except in battle, when he was amiable and kind towards all. His death was a positive loss to the Union cause and to Kentucky. The authorities, who had the private disposition of the case so far as it concerned Gen. Davis, probably acted with wisdom and good policy in not prosecuting him for the act of killing Nelson. A trial could not have failed to rouse very angry passions on the part of Kentucky and Louisiana troops, who constituted a large proportion of the Army of the Ohio, and worse consequences than the killing of one able and distinguished General might have resulted from any attempt to enforce the law against Davis at that time. Gen. Davis did not return to his division during the campaign to Perryville, Ky., which followed soon after the death of Nelson.

(To be continued.)

EL MAHDI.

[Minneapolis Tribune.]
Yes, I am the boss of the Sahel Sudan,
And I hardly think a more competent man
Could be found between Timbuktu and Japan
To bounce the bold British invader.

I'm a two-fingered, bowlegged son of a gun.
I'm a prophet from way back—a child of the sun.
I'm a dandy, a lo-lai-lah, a dajim, a lum,
I'm a red-handed zipper and raider.

My followers number two millions or more,
And every man of 'em expects to fight;
They're not much for style, but they're dandies for
gore—

They're bad men from Keshir-el-Wadir.

El Gordon El captured, I'm happy to state;
El Stewart has met his well-earned fate;
I'll butcher El Wolsley if he'll only wait,
And Queen Vic will think luck has betrayed her.

So strike—strikeless sons of the shimmering sand—
One more blow for your prophet that's me understand!
Disembowel the insolent fabled hand!
Visceral the infernal invader!

Queen Victoria,
[Chicago Times.]
Queen Victoria, it is said, has made herself
sick worrying over the affairs of the Government.
The old lady is getting fussy and whimsical.
She really has about as much to do
with the British Government as India Lock-
wood has to do with the Government of the
United States, and Belva is not worrying her-
self sick about it.

SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

CHAMBERSBURG RAIDED.

Position of the Union Army Around Washington.

CAVALRY MOVEMENTS.

Kilpatrick's Scouts Drive Munford's Pickets Through Aldie.

BY "CARLETON."

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LIX.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

On the morning of June 16, 1863, Jenkins's Brigade of Cavalry, which had been detached from Stuart's command and ordered to Ewell's Division of the Confederate army, entered Greensboro, Pa., near the Maryland line. In the evening Jenkins was in Chambersburg seizing horses, cattle, forage, provisions, paying liberally in Confederate paper money. He seized all the negroes he could find and sent them to Virginia to be sold as slaves.

Ewell was on the bank of the Potomac. A. P. Hill was marching from Frederickburg to Culpeper; Longstreet advancing along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, as if aiming toward Leesburg, with the intention of crossing into Maryland for a movement on Washington or Baltimore.

Gen. Lee was at Culpeper. The cavalry, under Stuart, was to hover like a cloud between Longstreet and the Union army, to screen the movements of the Confederate infantry. Going to the Upper Potomac we see Gen. Imboden, with a brigade of Confederate cavalry, entering Chambersburg, destroying the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to prevent Gen. Kelley, who is in West Virginia with several thousand troops, from coming east. We see Jenkins, after obtaining a supply of provisions, clothing, horses and wagons, returning from Chambersburg to the Potomac.

POSITION OF THE UNION ARMY.

Gen. Hooker could not determine what Lee intended to do. Gen. Halleck, with all the telegraph wires running into his office in the War Department, could not make out whether Lee was intending to sweep down upon Baltimore or move toward Washington. The Union army was between the Bull Run Mountains and Washington—at Manassas, Centerville, Drainesville—covering Washington, ready to move across the Potomac the moment Lee's movements should indicate his line of advance.

At Harpers Ferry, on Maryland Heights, in a position which Lee could not hope successfully to assail, were 10,000 troops under Gen. French, of little use where they were, but which might be used to excellent advantage by Gen. Hooker; but they were not under him. They were under Gen. Schenck's orders, whose headquarters were at Baltimore. Gen. Hooker asked that they might be included in his command, but the request was refused by Gen. Halleck.

In the forts around Washington were 30,000 troops, under Gen. Heintzelman, to hold the city against any attack. President Lincoln comprehended the situation—that if Washington were to fall into the hands of the Confederates it would bring about their recognition as a nation by England and France.

Going down to Yorktown we see Gen. Keyes with 15,000 men in a position to threaten Richmond. On the other side, Gen. Lee has a plan for the concentration of 30,000 troops at Culpeper, to be hurled upon Washington at the right moment, under Gen. Beauregard. He writes a letter to Jefferson Davis for the carrying out of such a plan. He thinks that there will be no necessity of keeping many Confederate troops in Richmond. The President of the Confederacy thinks otherwise, and that part of the plan is not carried out.

CAVALRY MOVEMENTS.

The range of hills south of the Potomac, extending towards Manassas, are known as the Bull Run Mountains. The country west of there is known as the Loudoun Valley. There are three gaps—the northern one at Aldie, through which passes the Little River turnpike; Hopewell Gap, 10 miles south, and Thoroughfare Gap, five miles still farther south, through which runs the railroad from Manassas.

At daybreak June 17 the cavalry, under Pleasonton, was at Manassas Junction. He moved towards Aldie, intending to push northward to the Blue Ridge to discover what Lee was doing. Kilpatrick, with three of his regiments, led the column up the turnpike. The other regiment of his brigade—the 1st Rhode Island, under Col. Duffie—was directed to go through Thoroughfare Gap; to camp at night at Middleburg, five miles west of Aldie. Col. Duffie had only 250 men. It was a great mistake to send him with so small a force into the country which Gen. Pleasonton must have known was occupied by the Confederate cavalry. Going now west of the Bull Run Mountains, we see the Confederate cavalry moving northeast. By mid-afternoon W. H. F. Lee will be at White Plains, five miles northwest of Thoroughfare Gap. Fitz Lee has been kicked by a mule and cannot ride horseback; his troops are commanded by Col. Munford, and we shall see them at Aldie. Middleburg is five miles west of Aldie, where Gen. Stuart will be enjoying the hospitality of his friends in a farmhouse, with a part of a regiment picketing the woods to guard against surprise.

Robertson's Brigade is seven miles from Middleburg, southwest, at Rector's Cross-roads. Robertson has 1,294 men. W. H. F. Lee has four regiments, numbering nearly 1,000; Munford five regiments, numbering as many more.

ENGAGEMENT AT ALDIE.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when Kilpatrick's scouts, advancing toward Aldie, came upon Munford's pickets. The 2d N. Y. charged upon them, driving them swiftly through the little village.

Munford had the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th Va. The first three were feeding their horses at Mr. Carter's barn, a mile and a half from Aldie. There was quick saddling, bridling, and forming in column.

A short distance west of Aldie the turnpike divides; one branch running northwest to Snicker's Gap, the other, west to Middleburg. Between the roads there is a hill, upon which

Munford planted his artillery. His sharpshooters lay down behind a fence which runs from the road. North of the road to Snicker's Gap and south of the road to Middleburg are stone walls, behind which the sharpshooters conceal themselves.

A little stream crosses the road at the foot of the hill, and there is a mill on the road leading to Middleburg. The 1st regiment holds the road to Middleburg, the 4th is next in line and on the hill between the roads; then the 2d and 3d with the 5th, in the field north of the road to Snicker's Gap. There is a meadow at the foot of the hill and several hay-stacks. It is a very strong position. The Union cavalry, to get at Munford, must either charge up the turnpike swept by his cannon, or descend the steep bank, cross the river in the face of his sharpshooters, or make a flank movement.

Kilpatrick sees that he cannot charge up the Middleburg road; that the troops will be annihilated before they can ascend the hill; but the 2d N. Y. rushes upon the Confederate skirmishers and captures several prisoners.

Kilpatrick's cannon pour their fire upon the troops along the Snicker's Gap road, creating confusion in Munford's works. The 4th N. Y. (Col. Censola) makes a charge. For some breach of orders he is under arrest; his sword has been taken from him, but Kilpatrick hands it back in token of his bravery. He is wounded in the melee, falls from his horse, and is taken prisoner.

The 1st Me., belonging to the First Brigade, is sent forward by Gen. Gregg. Kilpatrick rallies his men and the fight goes on. The Union troops attack with great vigor.

"I never saw men show better spirit," writes Col. Munford, praising their bravery.

Kilpatrick's battery and the persistent attack was gradually forcing back Munford's left flank, when, to the surprise of the Union troops, the Confederate regiments retired towards Middleburg.

The reason for their sudden abandonment of so strong a position was the arrival of Capt. Frank Robertson from Middleburg with an order from Gen. Stuart to retire to Rector's Cross-roads.

FIRST RHODE ISLAND.

Going back to Manassas Junction we see the 1st R. I. at daybreak on this long summer day moving northwest along the road leading to the battlefields of Groveton and Gainesville, passing on to Thoroughfare Gap. Privates Duxbury, Lee and Tent, of Co. H, are the videts in advance. They see men upon the mountain sides and ride cautiously, with their carbines resting on the points of their saddles. Up through the narrow gap they ride, beside the railroad, and come upon a Confederate horseman, who turns his horse to flee. "Halt!" shouts Duxbury. Up comes his carbine. There is a flash, but he has missed his aim, and the Confederate in butternut clothing clatters down the western hillside. From the thicket comes a rattling fire, given by unseen Confederates. The skirmishers of the 1st R. I. dart ahead, their horses on the gallop, their sabers flashing, clearing the Confederates from the hill, driving them back upon a large force.

"There are 600 of them, I think," said Duxbury to Capt. Chase. "There are at least twice as many as there are of us."

The Confederate column goes down the road leading to White Plains, while Col. Duffie turns to the right, along the road leading to Middleburg. In the skirmish three horses were killed and several of the cavalrymen wounded. On towards Middleburg moves the 1st R. I., wholly unconscious that they are entering a cul-de-sac—the mouth of a bag. Duffie does not know that the troops which he has encountered are a part of W. H. F. Lee's Brigade; that the whole brigade of 1,200 is but a short distance to his left; that out on his right, at Aldie, is Munford, soon to be attacked by Kilpatrick; that Robertson is northwest; that Stuart is in Middleburg. Ignorant of all this, the regiment moves on.

They are within two miles of Middleburg, when once more they come upon the Confederates—the pickets sent out by Stuart to keep watch of the roads. Again there are carbine shots, a clattering of hoofs, a charge into the town, through it, driving the Confederates. Stuart is enjoying the hospitality of his friends, but leaps into his saddle and escapes northward.

Duffie has obeyed orders. He is in Middleburg, where he is to stop for the night. He is well aware that he may be attacked in town, and the soldiers barricade the roads, sending out pickets in all directions.

Stuart halts, sends back his skirmishers to begin the attack, and sends Capt. Robertson with the order to Munford, at Aldie, to inform him that a large body of Union cavalry is in his rear, and that he must retreat. Other couriers go upon the gallop with orders to W. H. F. Lee and Robertson to close in upon the enemy.

Col. Duffie has been ordered, when he reaches Middleburg, to send word to Pleasonton. Capt. Allen with two men starts with the dispatch at 5 o'clock down the main road, but comes upon the 4th Va. Cav., retreating from Aldie. He turns back, strikes through the woods and fields, running against Confederates in every direction. The sun goes down, and in the gathering darkness, gliding through woods, he reaches Little River, comes upon five Confederates, charges upon them, compelling them to flee. He follows the river a long distance till he reaches the main road, comes upon the Union pickets and is safe. It has been a hazardous, exciting ride. Kilpatrick reads the dispatches. He knows the danger closing upon Duffie, but his horses are broken down by the long, hard march and the battle with Munford. He sends the dispatch to Gregg, who carries it to Pleasonton; but Pleasonton issues no orders. He has fresh troops; he knows that Stuart is surrounding Duffie; that the 1st R. I. is in Middleburg; that Duffie is holding it in obedience to his orders.

Capt. Allen waits, but no orders are issued. Duffie waits through the long night hours, with listening ears, to hear the tramping of the expected re-enforcements which never will come. He might retreat; Robertson has not yet closed the road over which he came. He is a foreigner—born in France, educated in the military schools, under strict discipline to obey orders implicitly. He is brave and able. He is ordered to hold Middleburg, and obeys. What rebuke would he not receive from Pleasonton were he to retreat! He resolves to hold his ground till re-enforcements arrive, not knowing that they will never be sent.

He places most of his troops in a grove outside of the town. The men are ordered to speak only in whisper. The pickets are out upon the roads. The last gleam of light is fading from the west, when Sergeant Unfired and his command, out on the road beyond

the village, behold a flashing of carbines and hear the bullets buzzing past him. He wheels his horse, starts on a gallop, but the horse is brought down by the bullets and the rider falls headlong. Lamed and stunned, he crawls to a shed by the roadside and lies quietly, hearing the clattering hoofs of two regiments rushing down the road.

Going along the road, we see companies G and F of the 1st R. I. dismounted, their horses tied to trees in a grove, and the men lying behind a stone wall bordering the road. They have fallen a tree across the road. With loaded carbines they wait. Looking down the road, peering through the darkness, they behold the advancing Confederate columns, four men abreast. A moment and they are in front of the wall. There bursts forth a line of light from 60 carbines. The nearest is not 10 feet, the farthest not 60 feet away. Riders and horses go down in a heap. The Rhode Islanders do not stop to load, but out with their revolvers and fire into the struggling mass. The dead and wounded lie where they fall; the living flee. The officers rally them and again they charge, but only to be cut down again by the terrible volley.

The troops attacking Duffie are the 4th and 5th North Carolina, new regiments, numbering nearly 1,000. This is their first battle. They are armed with Enfield rifles and sabers.

Col. Duffie sends word to the men by the wall to join him. They mount their horses, but the guide loses his way. They are on the road to the Confederates in the darkness, thinking it is their own regiment, and find themselves prisoners.

Col. Duffie makes his way two miles in the darkness, then stops for the morning. His horses have had nothing to eat since they left Manassas Junction. It has been a long and weary march in a burning sun. The animals are jaded and hungry, and the men are weary of their heads to keep them from whinnying.

Daylight comes, and the men leap into their saddles. The Confederate scouts discover them and fire a volley. Duffie is expecting to hear Kilpatrick's gun firing, but he hears only the roar of the Confederates' guns. He discovers instead that W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, under Col. Chamberlain, is intercepting his retreat, while Robertson is ready to fall upon his rear. He leaves the road and flies into a wheatfield. He has lost a handful of men; Maj. Farrington, with two officers and 27 men, have been separated from him. Capt. Chase, Capt. Rogers, and most of the 60 men who freed Kilpatrick's gun, have been captured. Sgt. Palmer, with 72 men, has also been separated from him.

The Confederates see Duffie file into the field. "Give them a sabre charge," shouts an officer. "That is just what we want," is the defiant shout sent back by Capt. Biss. With sabers gleaming the little band dash upon the Confederates, drive them from the wheatfield, and gain the road. They are within two miles towards Hopewell Gap, when they hear the clatter of hoofs behind. The road is narrow and rugged. There are deep gullies by its side. The Rhode Islanders cannot turn and face the oncoming foe. They put spurs to their horses, and the column goes pell-mell along the road, bullets whizzing past them, striking among them; the Rhode Islanders, turning in their saddles, sending shots in the faces of the Virginians. Horses go down and the riders are trampled by those behind. For six miles the Confederates push on—the ranks of the Rhode Islanders driving every moment. Some, when their horses fall, leap over the fences and scatter themselves till the Confederates are gone, then make their way over the mountains eastward.

Col. Stuart, looking on, finding that he will be captured, tears the standard from its staff, throws the staff away, thrusts the colors into his bosom. He is taken prisoner, but escapes; makes his way to the headquarters of the 1st Rhode Island, where he is taken prisoner, but escapes; makes his way to the headquarters of the 1st Rhode Island, where he is taken prisoner,